Celtic Memories
and Other Poems

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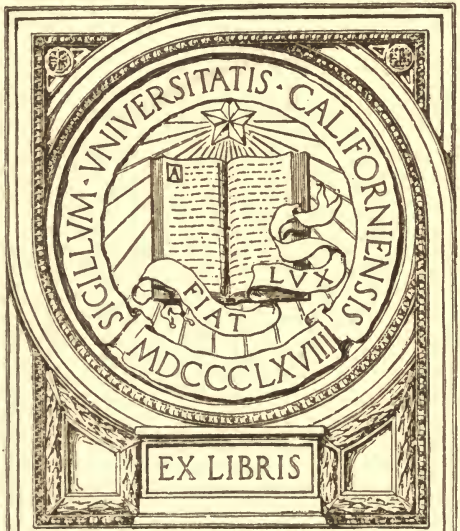
Norreys J. O'Conor

GIFT OF
Knights of St. Patrick



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CELTIC MEMORIES

CELTIC MEMORIES

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

LONDON
ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET
M CM XIII

TO

CATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN

PS 3529
C7
C45
1913

Oh, for the charm of her,
Subtle and strange!
Tang of the ocean,
Scent of the field;
Blush of the rosebud,
Grace of the tree;
Dusk on the moorland,
Gentle and grey;
Call of the curlew,
Aloft and alone—
Oh, for the charm of her,
Calling me home!

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The Exile

Tiagam tar muir medraig moill
(Let us go over the murmuring, placid sea)
The Chase of Sid na mBan Finn

Let us go over the murmuring sea,
Away from the jarring world,
Back to the peace of the Irish hills,
In the mists of morning curled.

Let us hark to the song of the fairy folk
In a moonlit glen at eve,
And the half-heard patter of fairy feet,
While their intricate dance they weave.

Hark to the baying of sweet-mouthed hounds,
As the Fian host sweeps by,
Chasing the boar with bristling back,
For Failbe's death to die.

Before me stretches the dancing sea,
Far out to the Irish shore,
And my heart would follow a gull I watched
Till I could see no more.

My heart would fly to a house that stands
By the bay of Cushendun,
And would wait on the ledge of a window there—
May the casement open soon!

My lady would take my heart in her hands,
As a young bird weak of wing,
And bending low her lovely head,
Whisper its comforting.

My heart would sing its song of joy,
Filling the world with tune;
And my lady would smile, and say perhaps:
"Pray God he cometh soon!"

The Rising of the Moon

Come climb the top of Carintoul,
On Samain Eve with me;
When Caragh Lake lies dark and still,
And stars shine frostily.

The leafless trees like Druids stand,
Wrapped in the robes of night;
Guarding the lore of ancient days
From our dull human sight.

A bank of clouds hangs in the sky,
Where the new moon should be;
And from the west the night breeze brings
The salt smell of the sea.

Northward I look, toward the land
Of mighty Conchobar;
Where Emain reared its stately walls,
Home of the great in war.

E'en as I look a beam of light
  Crosses the darken'd sky,
And like a blazing beacon burns
  Brightly and steadily.

In this clear glow I see again,
  'Round Emain's spacious hall,
The ancient Red Branch chivalry—
  The warrior and the thrall.

The great king sits upon his throne,
  Cuchulain at his knee;
And 'mid a silence grave, profound,
  The minstrel sings his glee.

He sings a song of plaintive note,
  Of a lost land far away,
Wherein a hundred weary years
  Seem but a happy day.

The meadows there are ever green,
  And the angry wind-toss'd sea,
That lies beyond the headlands far,
  Another flow'ring lea.

There mortal knights are sometimes led
By damsels passing fair;
And through a fairy's love gain strength
Their mortal ills to bear.

Now yet again the minstrel sings
The valiant deeds of war;
And faint I hear the clash of arms,
And a mighty muffl'd roar

Arising from five hundred throats,
As the picture fades away;
And the murky sky returns again,
As dark succeeds the day.

O Erin! could this latter time
Call forth a warrior band,
Valiant of heart as those I saw,
And, like them, strong of hand.

Where are the scholars, where the saints
Whom monarchs sought of old?
And is that mighty flame of love
That burn'd for thee, grown cold?

Where now the minstrel, where the bard,
  Thy falt'ring sons to lead
Back to the happy other world,
  To gain the strength they need?

Such now my thought, as sad I turn
  To make my slow descent;
But as I turn, I see the sky,
  And the bank of clouds is rent.

At the sight I see my heart is glad,
  And sings a merry tune:
From out the clouds; across the lake,
  The rising of the moon.

Saint Patrick

In Erin lives an ancient legend still,
Of holy Patrick on the hill of Slane,
On Easter Even, when he came again
For service due to work his Master's will;
And lit the Paschal fire, so soon to fill
All Erin with its light, and tell the pain
Of our Lord's death; by which we too may gain
His triumph over our last earthly ill.

How burns the beacon which that Easter Eve
Saint Patrick kindled? Is his faith supreme,
And the great Church he laboured long to leave
In the dear isle of which I fondly dream?
I saw to-day a legate sent from Rome—
Does that dead city rule Saint Patrick's home?

King Muiredach

Oroit do Muiredach
(A prayer for Muiredach)
Inscription on the Cross of Muiredach, Monasterboice

PRAY for King Muiredach, chieftain and priest;
King on the battlefield, king at the feast.

Great were the deeds of him, gracious to all;
Many the knives he greas'd, seated in hall.

Deep were the pools of ale; loud was the praise
Shouted by stalwart men, sung in brave lays.

Doughty the deeds of him, first in the fray,
Flashing the Blood Drinker, sullen and grey.

Rock of the battlefield, dash'd he aside
Waves of the foemen that clung to his side.

Swift flew his chariot, racing the wind:
Woe to the laggards 'twas leaving behind!

KING MUIREDACH

Three waves of Erin cried his distress
On the red evening he fell in the press.

Keen the King, priests of fair Monasterboice!
Dead lies the sov'reign of green Erin's choice.

Dim grow the altar lights. Lo! it is day.
Pray for the soul of him; priests of God, pray!

From the Monastery Door

Give me a house where I may see the hills,
And past the hills a strip of dark blue sea;
And then a happy bird who sings to me
Of earth forgotten with its mortal ills.
This is God's book; where His blest spirit fills
Rocks, rivers, mountains, and the spreading tree
Beneath whose boughs I sit and watch the bee,
Through the still garden darting as he wills.

This is the page here given us to read;
That we may know the worthless world we made,
Through the calm loveliness that God has laid
On the dumb things that we so little heed.
So will I trust my Father, loving, wise,
Who for this world will give me Paradise.

From Kerry

I HEARD the lilt of my young love's song,
As he went down the lane;
And I wonder'd as I heard him go,
"Will he come back again?"

'Tis he will dance with ladies gay,
The finest man of all;
And he'll forget the roadside dance,
And Kerry in the fall.

I heard the call of a lone wild goose,
In her flight toward the sea.
"Ah, take my love a thought of home,
And bring him back to me!"

The mist rolls in from the silent hills,
And the smell of peat is strong;
The kine are gather'd for the night—
The twilight hour is long!

The lights are lit; the stars are out;
The evening air is cool;
And far away, a dull, dark mass,
The peak of Carintoul.

" And yet, perchance, he'll not forget,"
Is what yon star would say.
He will unlatch the garden gate—
The years are yesterday.

'Tis then the mourning gulls shall scream,
And wheel, a flash of white,
Up, up, towards the new-found sun,
That bathes them in his light.

The hills will look a strip of green,
The bay a streak of blue;
For when my love comes home again,
It will be springtime too.

But now the night is come at last,
The world is dark and cold.
Ah, would my love were by my side,
When all the world grows old!

Dedication

Ev'n as lord Tristram went across the sea,
  Seeking the learning of the Irish land
  To heal the grievous wound that Morolt's hand
Had giv'n, through the dread queen's sorcery;
Ev'n as Iseult, the wondrous bride-to-be,
  Rapt him away to Love's bright Fairyland;
  Raised him to meet God's love, and understand
Man's swift obedience to Love's mastery:

Came I to Erin, pledg'd Love's faithful knight;
  Not wounded yet but with the pain of bliss,
Engender'd by the thought of her whose sight
  Inspires my pen to tell her name in this.
Lady! grant me but leave to sing the praise
Love asks of all on whom your eyes may gaze.

At Hollybrooke

WHERE in the wonder of the Wicklow hills
Dwells there a maiden dressed in garments green,
Whose fairy loveliness no man has seen,
Save when the moon the silent valley fills?
Joining their music to the bird who trills
For fairy dancing, the dim branches lean
Like minstrels paying homage to a queen,
Eager to serve her in whate'er she wills.

Thus have I come to pay my service due
To her whose image lives within my heart,
Fairer, through Fancy, than its counterpart
In mortal guise. Such was my thought till you,
Dear Cousin, on my waiting vision came:
A fairy figure with a mortal's name.

The Emigrant

I CAN see you now, Mavourneen,
Just beside your cabin door;
And you wave your hand, Mavourneen,
As you've often done before.

See the weary sun, Mavourneen,
How he's sinking in the west;
And the evening sky behind you,
In a thousand colours drest.

I am coming home, Mavourneen,
For the long day's work is done;
And the birds are flying homeward,
Calling softly, one by one.

You will lay your hands, Mavourneen,
On my shoulders, and will say:
"Let me lift the burden, dear one;
'Tis the night gives rest to day."

And your long black hair, Mavourneen,
Will fall gently 'round my face;
And I'll think that death has found me
In the bliss of your embrace.

'Tis the call of home, Mavourneen,
'Mid the clang of city cars,
And the gaunt, grey office buildings
That have long shut out the stars.

I can see you now, Mavourneen,
Just beside your cabin door.
'Tis the good God knows, Mavourneen,
If I'll ever see you more.

Who?

The Lady who loves me,
Where does she live?
Over the ocean,
Over the hill;
Queen of a palace,
Light of a mill.
The Lady who loves me,
What joy does she give!

The Lady who loves me,
What is her grace?
Whiteness of moonbeams
Where fairies are found;
Branch of the rowan
When blossoms abound.
The Lady who loves me,
The sky is her face.

The Lady who loves me,
What is her name?
The wind in the tree-tops,
The shine of the sea,
Betoken a beauty
Less lovely than she.
The Lady who loves me—
I've mention'd her name.

The Wanderer

I HAVE heard the bugles blowing
The "Retreat" across the plain,
And the snow-clad mountains echo
The sad signal twice again.

I have seen the red sun sinking
To an Indian river's breast;
While I heard the lap of water,
And I watched the boats at rest.

I have heard the breeze at evening
Stir the palms above my head,
While a caravan wound slowly
Past a sky of flaming red.

I have seen the young girls walking
Down an English village lane,
With their lover's arm around them,
While the world grew young again.

I have heard the darkies singing,
As the sun dropped out of sight,
While through the cabin windows
Came a cheerful yellow light.

But the Irish hills at evening
Are the fairest sight I've seen ;
And a little white-walled cottage
Where there waits a glad colleen.

For a Book

A MONK once laboured in a lonely cell,
Gilding the pages of a missal rare,
And those who passed looked in to see him there,
His lips soft smiling, and a light that fell
Glorious about his head; and one would tell:
"Here sits he all the day and will not spare
Himself for weariness, but his look will bear
Such peace as in God's face alone may dwell."
Lady, I give thee this and ask thee here
To read these pages in the light that made
The monk smile always, and his task, each year
Grow lighter and his soul more unafraid;
Love had its wonder on his spirit laid;
And in that vision's brightness all was dear.

The Dream City

I GAZED at you and saw your eyes were sad,
And in that sadness I, too, had a share;
But your hand crept near mine, and then how glad
Was I, in turn, that you had placed it there:
For we together wandered through the world,
Amid its darkness we alone could see
The path which, 'round a rocky hillside curled,
Led to the city where our dreams would be.
Sombre those walls, like shadows of the night,
And 'round the turrets ever-changing haze;
Within the streets the sad of heart are bright;
Love is the stipend paid for happy days.
Still stands the city, and the sunset glow
Shall lead us thither by the path we know.

To Eva in Paradise

I GAVE you all my heart so long ago
I have forgotten when the gift was made,
Receiving part of yours, that I might know
How great a portion in my hands was laid.
Each morn I leave the ready task of life,
And seek the corner where your heart, enshrined,
Lends peace which, with a thousand colours rife,
Fills every chamber of my eager mind.
Lady, I look to you as men of old
Looked to their Virgin, and like them I pray:
" Lead me but upward; give me grace to hold
Fast to the spirit and escape the clay,"
Your heart, perchance, some day all mine will be.
Why should I ask? Enough is granted me.

Pearl

(For the old English poem of that name)

WERE I a diver of the Orient,
I'd win you pearls such as no queen has worn;
Deeming to match your worth no ornament
Save these, in the pure depths of ocean born:
Were I a merchant, whose unnumbered fleet
Brought rarest spices, silks and rich perfumes,
I'd lay these treasures, also, at your feet,
To greet that gentleness which Love assumes.
I have a gift more precious far than these,
That none can steal, from which I will not part—
Read then this Vision, and therein find ease,
From contemplation of the human heart.
This is my Pearl; ask not its worth of me:
You hold my heart; turn there if you would see.

Karéol

Like Tristram desolate by a sunlit sea,
I wait for you, Belovèd, and I stand
Gazing forever toward a foreign land,
Where you sojourn and where I cannot be ;
But here the waters sparkle joyfully
And, heartsick, I desire God's almighty hand,
That I may cross the ocean, as that band
Which walked dryshod to life and victory.
You wander in old cities, still and grey,
And with the hum of summer, or the breath
Of spring, or thin-toned bells at close of day,
Perchance the thought of me will come, like Death,
To sink into your soul, and take away
Something of you, to show that you keep faith.

The Land of Fancy

To John Hall Wheelock

You taught me, Friend, to love the gift of song,
And led my steps through Fancy's dim-hued land,
Fairer than that fair canvas Watteau's hand
Has sketch'd; where a gay-coloured, laughing throng,
On Cytherea's island moves among
The leafy trees, in stately saraband
Or measured minuet, while lovers stand
Beside their lov'd ones; for Love's day is long.
How much more rare the realm that you have shown:
Damsels more lovely, and more shelt'ring trees;
And softer music, borne upon a breeze
Gentler than fairy fingers laid upon
The cheek, when Day from Evening's path has flown—
These beauties, by your guidance, I have known.

William Wordsworth

Enraptured singer of the glorious earth,
The cloud-clapped mountain and the flowery lea,
The shining streamlet and the moonlit sea;
The thousand wonders of great Nature's birth:
That which I find of most enduring worth,
Ringing adown time's paths eternally,
As some clear curfew bell is borne to me,
When gentle evening stills the noise of earth;
Is thy clear summons to the soul of man
To turn to Nature, and in her behold
The mystic symbols of God's loving plan
To lead us safely to His heavenly fold,
Where we may share the peace that Nature shows
In each green pasture and new-budding rose.

My Garden

I WALKED within my garden plot,
Where loveliest flow'rs abound;
The lazy sun was still abed,
My plants in slumber sound.

But soon the blossoms raised their heads
And danced in childish glee.
Startled, I look'd towards the sun,
And found no sun but thee!

At Twilight

Ashes of dead love and dead desire:
The silent room, the crackling fire—
Could you forget, could you forget?

Speechless we sat, your eyes downcast;
And, though we had the happy past,
Your eyes were wet, your eyes were wet.

Perchance you felt the future days,
Which brought the sund'ring of our ways—
But we had met, but we had met.

O happy days! glad Memory brings
Remembrance of forgotten things—
Be with us yet, be with us yet.

A la plus belle

Chanson d'amour,
Chanson de jeunesse,
Luit le printemps
D'éternelle ivresse.

Chanson de deuil.
Chanson de vieillesse ;
Aux mains de Dieu
Nouvelle tendresse.

The Lonely Road

I WALKED along a lonely road,
  O'er many a tedious hill;
While all around me stretch'd a world,
  Dark, desolate, and still.

Weary and sad of heart I trudged;
  The harsh ground hurt my feet:
I was anhunger'd, yet I saw
  No place to sit and eat.

I walked along a lonely road,
  Through many an humble town,
Where men and maids danced on the green
  To win a rustic crown.

The broken road led on and up
  Across a mountain pass:
I came into a shady glen,
  And sat me on the grass.

I walked along a lonely road;
  A figure came in sight,
Which nearer drew, and soon became
  A maiden dressed in white.

I struggled on ; my set eyes burned :
The maiden still drew near.
Her eyes were kind, her voice was like
The running streamlet clear.

I walked along a lonely road,
The maiden's hand in mine ;
While all around, the dull grey world
Glowed in the bright sunshine.

No longer lonely was the road,
Nor sad of heart was I ;
For at the last, my love beside,
I'll sleep beneath the sky.

Come Back

Come back! you have been long away;
'Tis almost sunset, and the dimming light
Makes the three islands seem so far away
'Neath the grey wings of the approaching night.

'Tis almost dark. I hear your voice,
And all the sadness from my tortur'd heart
Is gone; as when at dawn a bird's glad voice
Makes the long-ling'ring night in haste depart.

On Hearing of a Friend's Engagement

"Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art——"

May I now sing the praise of her who shines
  Ev'n as a star in the blue dome of night;
  Lighting the heavens with a lustrous light
Everlastingly, till the dim dark declines.
As the sublimity of God's designs
  Never is shown to our poor mortal sight,
  Only by faith may we suspect how bright
Rises elsewhere the star our night defines.

Come and shine on me once again, my Star!
  Radiant in beauty; thy presence grant me peace,
  Or else thine absence faith to know thy rays
Shine on another, granting him release
  Beyond this dizzy world; and all his days
  Youth, and the love that links the near and far.

My Gift

" L' amor che move il sole e l' altre stelle "

THREE kings their gifts before the Christ Child laid
And knelt in homage to the world's dear king ;
While all the angels, in bright ranks arrayed,
Their splendour lent to grace the offering.
Gold, myrrh, frankincense, were the gifts thus brought
By puissant princes of a time outgrown,
To that Immortal Son, who to us taught
The power almighty ruling Heaven's throne.
No gifts have I that royal donors bear :
Gold in rare patterns, gems of priceless worth ;
Yet to your loveliness a gift more rare,
Even the jewel which Christ gave to earth.
Thus, Lady, may this sonnet sing to thee
Of Love that is, and at all times shall be.

Easter

THE years are passing, and with Time comes change:
The rising of the tide Eternity
Covers our lives, as on a beach the sea
Makes the familiar places new and strange.

This is the spring, and the cloud-dappl'd skies
Gleam with the sunshine; and the lusty breeze
Blows, joyous, through the newly-budding trees,
And with the birds our waken'd spirits rise.

The season passes, and the summer days
With their soft warmth, and languid, perfum'd air,
Give place to winter; when the branches bare
Sigh with the cold, and the glad Yule-logs blaze.

So with our lives; to us come days of pain,
When we must cry against the bitter world,
Forgetting the dim hills, in mist close curl'd,
And the fresh springtime on the flow'ring plain.

When you have reached this sad and weary time,
  Dear Friend, forget me not; nor this glad spring,
  When, by the wind-swept river wandering,
We talked together of the joys of rhyme.

Open this book, when you have thought of me,
  And, reading there, perchance the present pain
  Will be assuaged, and you will smile again
For the swift healing of a memory.

Yet if we meet not in the passing years,
  We hold God's promise of a bright to-morrow;
  When we receive His gift of joy for sorrow,
And, meeting one another, smile through tears.

A Valentine

Love is no rosy boy,
  Young and uncouth ;
Dark skinn'd, dark ey'd is he,
  In very truth.

Ah, Love, thou naughty boy !

Bleeding from many wounds,
  On thee I wait.
Now heal my hurts, or else
  Death seals my fate !

At Night

MANY the stars that come,
  In haste to keep
Safely my Lady fair,
  Sound in her sleep.

Ah, happy stars!

Lend me your place awhile;
  Let me but stay
Enraptur'd through the night—
  Night without day!

My Prayer

SEND down upon me once again Thy grace,
O God! Teach me to mortify the clay,
And lead me onward by the heavy way
That comes at length to the most perfect place
Where Thou art thron'd, while saints themselves abase;
Guiding the passage of each toilsome day,
Knowing the sorrows whose relief we pray,
Holding all joy in Thy calm, shining face.

Lord, as the cripple who once heard Thy voice,
I would beseech Thee come and say to me:
"Rise! thine infirmity put off; rejoice!
There is no sin I may not purge from thee."
Thou hast the soul; now let the body be
Again the subject of Thy loving choice.

Heart's Garden

I HAVE a garden fill'd with many flowers:
The mignonette, the sweet pea and the rose;
Daisies and daffodils, whose colour glows
The fairer for the verdure which embowers
Their beauty, and sets forth their hidden powers
To charm my heart, whenever at the close
Of day's dull hurry, I would seek repose
In my still garden in the dark'ning hours.

Thus, Lady, do I keep a place apart,
Wherein my love for you cloister'd shall be,
Far from the rattle of the city cart;
Ev'n as my garden; where daily I may see
The flowers of your love, and none from me
May win the hidden secret of my heart.

The Vision

I stood before the gates of Sin,
  And watched the motley, laughing throng
Press eagerly to enter in;
  And as I went to do her wrong,
    I saw her face.

I buffeted the storm of Pain,
  And nowhere found I any rest;
Yet when I thought to seek the main
  Upon the foaming river's breast,
    I saw her face.

O unforgotten sight! that clears
  The murky mist of mortal strife;
God grant that when my spirit nears
  The morning of immortal life,
    I see her face!

Revelation

O TIME of rapture, time when first I knew
Of thy soft radiance shed athwart my night,
My lovely Star, which makest all things bright;
The murky false lit by the shining true!
Clear were the valleys which I then passed through,
Led by the brilliance of thy steady light,
To reach the peak whence I could gain a sight
Of the fair land toward which my footsteps drew.

Kind Star, come down to earth, again to prove—
As Christ once proved of our weak mortal state,
When thy bright harbinger in splendour stood
Above the cradle where great kings did wait,
In wond'ring worship of God's flesh and blood—
Mankind is naught without Immortal Love.

The Concert

O MUSIC, when the light grows dim,
  Sing thou the praises of my love to me!
O Sun, hid by the mountain's rim,
  Bring me a message of Eternity!

Love is but longing;
  So sing the strings:
Man is aspiring
  To higher things.

Night falls: the spent day quickly dies;
  The music sounds a perfect final close.
O Love! Nature now sleeping lies,
  As we shall sleep, calm in our last repose.

Königskinder

(Suggested by Humperdinck's opera)

As that young prince who saw his crownèd queen,
  Come through the meadows on a springtide morn,
  To gladden with her grace his heart forlorn,
And lead his soul to infinite things unseen:
Or as, amid harsh winter's lonely sheen,
  The world about them with dumb anguish torn,
  The twain return'd; she by her lover borne,
In that white world a bright branch, blossoming, green.

Thus, Lady, do I wait the time when you
  Shall burst upon my sight one summer day;
  Teaching my lips what my dumb heart would say,
The silver message of my service true;
  Of love wherein the wondering world may be
  Partaker of love's immortality.

On a Line by Henry King

"Till we shall meet and never part."
What words more truly tell my hope than these?
The gentle freshness of the summer breeze,
The lovely fragrance of a field of flowers,
The rapid passing of unnumber'd hours—
These are the spokesmen of my eager heart.

Yes, we shall meet and never part.
Ah, Love! when shall this happy meeting be—
By the broad bosom of this dull gray sea,
The restless humming of the city street,
Or at the last, when our weak, weary feet
Shall do the bidding of a joyful heart?

Morning Moonrise

O GENTLE Moon ! thy limpid light,
With more than lover's constancy,
Shall guard the bed whereon I lie,
From all the terrors of the night.

No beast shall come, nor goblin bold,
To fright my mind with dreams of dread ;
But laughing fairies 'round my bed
Shall sing me plaintive songs and old.

To see thy silver Self appear,
And slowly climb across the dark,
Why should the angry watch-dog bark ?
O gracious Moon, shine clear, shine clear !

A Petition to God the Father

If I may know the perfect truth,
The simple innocence of youth,
Which, like a garment laid away,
I have forgot full many a day:
Ah, if I may!

If I may know the present pain
Is harbinger of joy again;
As this white winter covering
Is but the outer cloak of spring.

If I may know the Church of God
Was made for me, poor, worthless clod;
That I am brother to God's Son,
Blest by His Spirit, Three in One.

If I may know that pride of birth
Has riven nations of the earth,
And prostitute and beggar are
My long-lost brethren from afar.

A PETITION TO GOD THE FATHER

If I may know that lust of gold
Was his who once my Saviour sold;
And those who buy and sell to-day
Would have me bid my soul away.

If I may know my fellow men
Will dub my hopes but "Dreams again!"
For they, perchance, will never see
The universal harmony.

Then I may kneel before my Lord,
And say: "I know the world's reward;
But I have seen Thy light. Take me!
My life that some few blind may see!"
Ah, if I may!

Love the Guide

Love led my steps through many tortuous ways:
Through city streets where Love walked close to Sin;
And past bleak buildings where men toil to win
Their daily bread through years of endless days.
Love's eyes were laughing when I met his gaze;
Yet still I follow'd, ever out and in,
From the confusion of the city's din
To the dim lanes where Love with peasants plays.

Love came at length to the low-ceiling'd room
In which you sat, one cold October eve,
And left me; but before Love took his leave,
I saw him from a roguish page become
A radiant angel, from whose shining eyes
I learned your presence was Love's paradise.

To One Who Complained of the Wind in her Face

Rough Satyr Wind, forbear thy rude embrace!
From such uncouthness must my Lady flee,
As that fair nymph who underneath the sea
Sought from Alpheus a secluded place.
Too eager art thou for my Lady's grace;
And yet, O Wind! should I complain of thee?
If sight of God the joy of saints shall be,
What bliss finds Nature in my Lady's face!

Hence! sylvan creatures whom I sang before;
Hence! each crude deity beneath whose form
Lurks bestial man, as doth in flowers the worm.
Teach me instead from Crestien's lovely lore,
Or Gottfried's "Tristram," wherein Passion's storm
Bursts not its bonds, yet glows for evermore.

With a Copy of "The Price of Lis Doris"

HERE read the price once gladly paid by Lis,
And learn the lesson that a love so slain,
May, phœnix-like, in splendour rise again;
Devotion crownèd with a lasting bliss.
This is my prayer: at least a share of his
Supreme surrender, that through years of pain,
Steadfast in love and service I remain
To be rewarded for the joy I miss.

Grant me the grace, O God, this Christmas Eve
To know a part of Thine immortal love!
That by this knowledge I at last may prove
My worthiness my highest hope to leave,
Or else—blest favour of the Lord above—
My highest hope from her dear hands receive.

Out of the West

O TAKE me back to England!
Where the grass is growing green,
And the trees bend low and whisper
To the stream that flows between.

There's a tall, grey college tower,
And a cloud-deck'd summer sky;
And a flash of rippling sunshine
Along the spires of the High.

O take me back to England!
Where the bleating of the sheep,
And the swish of leafy branches,
Lull the tired mind to sleep.

There's a broad and pleasant meadow
By a sun-kiss'd classic stream,
And a walk 'neath lofty tree-tops,
Where the great have loved to dream.

O take me back to England !
Where the roses now are blown,
And a fresh-cheek'd girl is waiting
For the man she's never known.

I have only seen the prairie,
And the Rocky Mountain snows ;
But my heart cries out for England
In the month that brings the rose.

The Record

E'EN as I write upon the frosted pane,
And what I write is blotted out again;
So seem my faults, when my dear Lady tries
To blot them out from all too curious eyes.

The thanks of the Author are due to the Editors of the BELLMAN, SMART SET *and* BOOK NEWS MONTHLY, *for permission to reprint verses that first appeared in their magazines.*

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